

POEM

UPON THE PRENTICES FEAST

AT
MERCHANT-TAYLORS-Hall.

THe busie Town grew still, and City Fops
Had bid adieu to melancholly Shops,
Had left their lonesome Cells, and did repair
to Drink, to Whore, to Feast or take the air,
I knew not which; but being young I follow'd
The shouting croud, and most devoutly hollow'd.
At length arrived at a place they call
The Cockscombs Court, or Merchant-Taylors-Hall, }
Where the starv'd Prentices kept Carnival.
I enter'd; where in most prodigious sort
Tables were placed al-a-mode at Court,
I saw a Monster as I entred in
(At first I took him for a rowling-Pin)
Till bowing with a grave majestick grace
Drew up his chaps, and said Sir take your place;
And so I did; for at a Loyal dinner
There is no difference twixt Saint and Sinner:
In one place sat an hungry Irish Teague
And in another a sly cunning Whigg;
In drouzie murmurs eccho'd round the Hall
The different voices of the Festival:
At length the young shop Beagles enter'd in
And made a most confused hideous din;
They yelp and bawl upon the hunting strain
As if they meant to kill the Bucks again,
Till monumental Paffy did arise,
Which stop't their tongues and feasted all their eyes.

The

The sharp set Prentices could scarce forbear
While Mr. Grape did say a Puny Prayer,
Which he made butt to doe; but kept his eye
Divinely fixt upon a pudding Pie
Least some base sneaking Rascal should convey
The Schollers well beloved Bie away.

He having said, they all did cease from prating,
Left speaking nonsense and all fell to eating.
One cry'd God save the King! tips up a Pie;
But trayterous steam did put out every Eye
And then he damns the Cook, and calls him Set
To serve a Pasty up that was so hot
Another gently tastes, and then he swore
In all his life he ne're eat Buck before;

Another his long silence gan to break,
But's mouth was fill'd so full he could not speak;

A fourth (whom they deem'd to be i'th right)
Declar'd 'twas better for to eat then fight.
At length their hungry paunches being full,
With fill'd up Glasses, and with empty scull
Bending their marrow-bones unto the ground
With hoarse huzza's the Loyal Health went round.

How many converts Wine and Age do make?

When forc'd the earthly Region to forsake.

The aged sinners whine in pious tone;

So every Drunkard is a Loyal Drone.

I (who as loyal am, as tite, as true,

As any of the Drunken Tory crew)

Of all the modern Healths ne're drank but this

The best, the Loyallest, his Majesties.

But now was forc'd to drink all Healths of Fame

A Catalogue, alas! too hard to name;

for which base fact, I'm markt a fallen star

In every Presbyterian Callender

But if they call me sot and fool, and say

I was a Rogue; it was but for a day.

I drank a Papist Health, and since 'twas so

I had a mental reservation too;

I in deceit to some a fool did show.

Tories to all are naturally forsworn

Free from the Peoples censure and disdain

I've cast my Tories skin, and now am Whigge again.

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